

MERRIMACK MAGAZINE

AND

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

PUBLISHED BY WHITTINGHAM & JOHN GILMAN, NEWBURYPORT.

Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1806.

[No. 31.]

Miscellaneous Selections.

"Various, that the mind—studious of change
"And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd."

EUGENIA DE MIRANDE.

AN ANECDOTE.

[From a French Journal.]

TOWARDS the close of the last summer, a young man named Linval walking in the Thuilleries, found, near the delightful bower where the exquisite statues of Hippomenes and Atalanta are placed, the following billet upon the ground:

"An opportunity is offered to the person who shall find this billet of doing a good action. If the person is disposed to do it, he is requested to go to the Rue de Saintonge, No. 1342, and ask for Eugenia de Mirande.

"P. S. Should the finder be unwilling to go to the assistance of an unfortunate mother, he is requested not to prevent another from doing it, but to drop the billet where he found it.

Linval is the best dancer in Paris after Trenis; he read the billet, hummed a new air while he was reading it, and then with a stroke of his bamboo, whisked it into the air, and hastened to the Faubourg du Roule to give his opinion upon a robe of exquisite taste, but which it was feared was not sufficiently striking.

The second person who picked it up was a man of middle age, simply clad and walking quick. He stopped, however, to read it; but casting his eyes towards heaven, as if he meant to say, "It is not me to whom the letter is addressed," he placed it respectfully in its former place.

A contractor came next, one of those men who think themselves moderate because they are content with the trifling gain of three thousand francs a day, and who are purse proud and impudent: he first kicked the billet, then picked it up from curiosity. Scarcely had he read it when he tore it into a thousand pieces, exclaiming, "Tis a trap."

The next day, precisely at the same place, another billet was deposited exactly similar to the former. The first person who perceived it, had the delicacy to take the address, and to place the billet where he found it. A young married couple perceived it a few minutes afterwards. After having read it, Madame C****, who was on the point of becoming a mother, said to her husband, "My love, let us see the person to whom we are directed. What we have to give is but little, but a slight benefit often prevents the unfortunate from giving themselves up to despair, and inspires them with courage to wait for better days."

The young couple proceeded to the Rue de Saintonge. But at Paris, the having the name, the street, and the number, is by no means sufficient to insure the finding of the real place. Some houses have the numbers they had before the revolution; from other houses the revolution has removed the former numbers and placed oth-

ers. The sections have successively accumulated upon the walls of Paris cyphers of all colours, and not at all regular. After having walked twice up and down the street, the young couple at length found out No. 1342. They learnt that the house was occupied by an old man, formerly a physician, who had retired, who passed for a rich man, and who had an only daughter, distinguished for her wit and her talents.

The young couple were shown up a very handsome stair case, to the first floor, where they were ushered into a room furnished without gaudiness, but with perfect taste. They asked to speak with Eugenia de Mirande, and a young lady of twenty two or twenty three years of age, graceful and elegant, rose and showed them into a small apartment, where every thing showed that the useful and agreeable were habitually cultivated; books, pamphlets, music books, instruments, drawings, were in different parts of the room; every thing bespoke affluence of circumstances.

"I fear," said Madame C****, "I have fallen into some mistake. We read your address, Madame, upon a billet we found in the Thuilleries; and we determined to offer some assistance to the person pointed out; but we perceive here that there are charms to delight, not sorrows to be relieved."

Eugenia de Mirande, for it was to her they spoke, explained to them, but with some embarrassment, that she was only the organ of a lady, very much to be pitied, who, from a sentiment of pride, wished to conceal herself, but who was worthy of the interest she had excited.

"In that case," said Madame C****, "request her to permit me to see her; I do not think that she ought to blush at the visit of one of her own sex, who is not a stranger to sorrow."

The young lady evaded the request, under a pretext that her *protegee* had a whimsical imagination, which rendered it difficult to confer an obligation upon her.

"But has she children?"

"Three, and she has just lost, after a long and expensive illness, a husband whose labour supplied them with the means of living."

"Good God! what a situation! And what age are the children?"

"They are all young; a girl of five years and a half is the eldest."

"I shall soon," said Madame C****, with a blush which lent a new charm to her beauty, "be a mother myself; this is sufficient to interest me for the fate of these little innocents; yet this circumstance unfortunately prevents me from having the satisfaction of taking one of the children; my own will demand all my care; but permit me at least to send a small bundle for the eldest child; for I cannot believe that, with such a friend as you, the family can be exposed to the want of the absolute necessities of life."

Eugenia de Mirande thanked the lady in the name of her friend, and accepted the present, after taking down the name and address of Madame C****.

Scarcely had the young couple retired, when a young man came upon the same errand.

"Your pardon madam," he said to Eugenia, "it is not you I am in search of, but Eugenia de Mirande."

A similar explanation; similar astonishment. After having heard the story of the unfortunate person, the young man appeared to be much moved.

"How happens it, that a widow and three little innocents should be absolutely without succour, upon so fertile a soil as ours, and in the midst of an enlightened nation?"

"You are in the right, sir; but where is the remedy?"

"The remedy, madam, would be, to give a little more provident wisdom to Frenchmen, and make them understand, that after tomorrow there is another day to come, and that when we quit life we leave behind us often the dearest part of ourselves. But that is not the point to be considered now. The situation of the lady, about whom you have interested yourself, is dreadful, and, whatever be the causes, let us try to soften them."

Eugenia received the present which the young man gave.

"I am not rich, madam, and that is the reason my donation is so trifling; but when we are prudent, we can always, though young, have something to give."

"But, sir, money is not the sole benefit we can extend to the wretched; good offices and tenderness do them much more service."

"Is your friend, madam, in want of such offices? Speak the word, and there is nothing I will not do upon your recommendation."

"Yet forgive me, sir; let my motives excuse my indiscretion; does your situation in life afford you the means of speaking to the minister?"

"No, madam, my father cultivates property in the environs of Paris; he has passed his whole life in doubling its value by constant care and good management, but never was he seen in the avenues of power; this is what I congratulate him upon more than I praise him, for we do not frequent the anti-chambers of men in place for one's pleasure. Happily I have no more need to do so than he; I partake, with five brothers and sisters who love me, and whom I love, the patrimony he will leave us; and I hope the minister will never hear us spoken of. Yet if it be necessary to solicit him in favor of your friend, I am ready to do it. What is it she wants?"

"To establish a claim that is just; the security of one of our armies rendered it necessary to destroy an establishment which the husband of the widow founded: she asks for indemnity."

"And must she have protection, madam, to obtain this?"

"Protection is not necessary to obtain it, because it is just; but we wish for protection, in order that the business may not linger in the bureaux, before it is seen by the minister."

"I see," said Latremblaye, the name of the young man, "that we must lay before the minister a concise and clear memorial, which shall make him feel the justice of the claim."

"That is just the thing: but the memorial must be drawn."—Both were silent.

"I scarcely dare ask you," said Eugenia.
 "Why not? I should have offered to do it, if I had not been afraid of doing it ill. Besides I am ignorant of the details of the affair."
 "I will communicate them."

Eugenia retired a moment, and returned with her father. She requested him to ask the butler to bring a plate to dinner, in order that he might be furnished with the details of the business in question. The old gentleman entreated the young man to fix a day, which, after mutual compliments, he did. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

TENDENCY OF NOVELS.

PRO AND CON.

THE celebrated Addison, has somewhere made the following observation: "Since in HISTORY, events are of a mixed nature, and often happen alike to the worthless and deserving, inasmuch that we frequently see a virtuous man dying in the midst of disappointments and calamities, and the vicious end their days in peace; I love to amuse myself with the accounts I meet with in FABULOUS HISTORIES and FICTIONS; for in this kind of writings we always have the pleasure of seeing vice punished and virtue rewarded."

DR. GOLDSMITH, in writing to his brother, respecting the education of a son, expresses himself in the following strong terms, which are the more remarkable, as he had himself written a novel.—"Above all things, never let your son touch a ROMANCE or a NOVEL, these paint beauty in colors more charming than nature; and describe happiness that man never tastes. How delusive, how destructive are those pictures of consummate bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness, which never existed; to despise the little good fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than ever she gave; and in general, take the word of a man who has seen the world, and has studied human nature, more by experience than precept, take my word for it; I say that such books teach very little of the world."

TRIFLING ATTAINMENTS.

How little are the greatest difficulties esteemed, when they are not accompanied with something useful. We are told of an ingenious person who bridled and saddled his horse with his teeth. Of another, who painted a picture with his fingers. "Why," said *Michael Angelo*, "did not the tool take pencils?"

We are also told of a man that could throw a grain of millet with such dexterity, as never to miss the eye of a needle. When he applied to a Roman Senator for a reward, he properly enough presented him with a BUSHEL OF MILLET, that he might never be at a loss for somewhat with which to exercise his ingenuity.

From the Literary Tablet.

MR. ORLANDO,

Not feeling in a mood for writing, I send you a letter I lately received from a nephew, and my answer. If you think they will afford any amusement to your readers, you are at liberty to insert them in the Literary Tablet.

SENEX.

Honored Sir,

You are sensible I early had the misfortune to lose a most excellent father; but I have great cause of gratitude for the kind counsel and patronage you have afforded me. Imboldened by your former kindnesses, I take the liberty to ask your sentiments, upon a subject, to me peculiarly interesting.

You are sensible I have so improved my small patrimony, as to be able decently to support a family. Believing that matrimony, if I make a suitable choice, will contribute to my happiness, I am determined upon trying the experiment.

There are two young ladies, of my acquaintance, both, on many accounts pleasing; and I have reason to believe my person is not disagreeable to either.—I seriously think of paying my addresses to one, or the other, and am undetermined to which. I will give the outlines of their property and character, and ask your advice.

CYNTHIA has a decent fortune, and is fair, divinely fair—she has received what is called a polite education—plays on several kinds of musical instruments to admiration—dances most gracefully, and appears to advantage, in a polite circle—she, however, has the misfortune of being an only daughter, and has been indulged in every caprice. Her mother, on many accounts, is an amiable woman; but has neglected to instruct her daughter, in the domestic concerns of a family, and has not educated her in the habits of industry. The young lady considers amusement as the business of life.

ALMIRA has but a small patrimony to recommend her—She has not a regular set of features; but is favored with a most placid and expressive countenance, and benignity beams from her eyes—She has been so much in polite company as to appear graceful. Her modest reserve is peculiarly pleasing to all. Her excellent mother has educated her in the habits of piety, industry and economy, and she understands all the kinds of business that fall within the province of a lady.

Now, honored sir, to which of these young ladies shall I pay my addresses?—In giving me your sentiments, you will greatly oblige your dutiful nephew,

SIMONIDES.

Hon. PELEG SENEX, esq.

THE ANSWER.

Dear Simonides,

You wish for my opinion upon a subject to you peculiarly interesting.—I

will give you my sentiments, with the freedom of an old man, and the sincerity of a friend.—To the subject in hand, without the least ceremony. If you can obtain Almira, marry;—but avoid Cynthia, as you wish, for your own happiness.

By your account of Cynthia, she may render herself agreeable in conversation, for an hour; but believe me, she will make a most uncomfortable companion for life.—You mention, she has been indulged in every caprice—She must still be indulged, or woe to her husband and family. Should she be contradicted in the least, or her will not be the law, rage will be depicted in her countenance, and the most virulent language will flow from her lips.

Should she fail in this way, to carry her point, her next resort will be to tears and hysterics—And who can stand before the tears of a wife?—Should you marry, you may rationally expect a family of children; and what man of sense would wish a capricious woman to be the mother of his offspring?

But should you give your heart and hand to Almira, and make her the partner of your joys and sorrows, you may rationally expect she will contribute to your happiness, all your days, should her life be prolonged. Her amiable temper and deportment, her piety and her habits of industry, and economy, are the best portion she can possibly bring you.—Take her with these qualifications, without a cent of property and you may rise in the world—be happy in your family—respected by your neighbours—and useful in life.

Thus, my dear nephew, I have given you my sentiments, without the least reserve.—After mature deliberation, you will follow my advice, or not, as you think best.—Remember your happiness, for life, depends on the choice you make, of a bosom companion.

That in this, and every important concern, you may conduct with prudence and discretion is the ardent wish of,

Yours affectionately, SENEX.

DIVERSITY OF GENIUS.

It has been generally believed that the varieties of genius observable among mankind, arise, partly from constitution, and partly from habit; but these two causes are so blended in forming and varying human genius, that it is difficult to determine, in any particular case, how far the one, or the other, may have been predominant. In the most discouraging circumstances we have seen genius unexpectedly arise and a peculiar turn of temper and of capacity prevail, in opposition to all the power both of precept and example.

The passions, no doubt, have some influence in forming the genius. You can-

not expect to find the same talents in a cheerful and a melancholy man; in an arrogant and an humble spirit; in one who loves retirement, and in one who is fond of the bustle and glitter of public life. Wit and humour, when united, as in Swift, with misanthropy, pride and indignation, will vent itself in such virulent ridicule, as makes men despise and hate one another; but, if accompanied with mildness and benevolence, may give rise to that good-natured jocularly which we admire in Addison, and which sweetens the temper, while it enlivens the fancy.

Habits contracted in our younger years may also give a bias to the inventive powers. When children are much in the company of seamen, of soldiers, of merchants, we see them acquire habits of attending, with more than ordinary pleasure, to the conversation of such people. Hence they come to understand something of naval affairs, military transactions, mercantile concerns; to be interested in them, and take a liking to them: and this liking, if strong, and accompanied with good parts, will no doubt go a great way in forming a peculiarity of genius. Those who relish harmony of language, and read the works of poets, especially of good poets, very early in life, acquire in time a poetical taste, if other circumstances be favourable, will produce something like a genius for poetry.

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE: OR POWER OF FEMALE BEAUTY

ONE of my friends used to boast, that the most beautiful woman in the world could never make him forget his duty as a judge. I believe you, I replied; but every magistrate is a man before he is a judge, the first emotion will be for the fair plaintiff, and the second for justice; and then I related to him the following tale.

A countess handsome enough to influence the most rigid judge in favor of the worst cause, was desired to take the part of a colonel in the army against a tradesman. The tradesman was in conference with the judge, who found his claim so clear, and so just, that he assured him of success. At the moment the charming countess appeared in the antichamber. The judge ran to meet her. Her address, her air, her eyes, the tone of her voice, such an accumulation of charms were so persuasive, that in a moment he felt more as a man than a judge, and he promised the lovely advocate that the colonel should gain his cause. Here the judge was engaged on both sides. When he returned to his study he found the tradesman in despair. "I have seen her," cried the poor man, out of his senses, "I have seen the lady who solicits against me, she is as handsome as an angel. O sir! my cause is lost." "Put

yourself in my place," says the judge, quite confused, "could I refuse her?" and saying this, he took an hundred pistoles from his purse, which was the amount of the tradesman's demand, and gave them to him. The lady heard of this, and as she was scrupulously virtuous, she was fearful of laying under too great an obligation to the judge, and immediately sent him the hundred pistoles. The colonel who was as gallant as the lady was scrupulous, repayed her the money, and so in the end every one did what was right. The judge feared to be unjust, the countess was cautious of laying under too great an obligation, the colonel payed his debt, and the tradesman received his due.

FLATTERY.

WHAT signifies protesting so against flattery? says Dr. Johnson. When a person speaks well of one, it must be either true or false; if true let us rejoice in the good opinion; if he lies, it is a proof at least that he loves more to please me, than to sit silent when he need say nothing.

BEAUTY.

Do not, says Dr. Johnson, forbear to marry a beautiful woman, if you can find such, out of a fancy that she will be less constant than an ugly one; nor condemn yourself to the society of coarseness and vulgarity, for fear of the expences or other dangers of elegance and personal charms, which have always been acknowledged as a positive good, and for the want of which there should be always given some weighty consideration. I have however, continues he, seen some prudent fellows who forbore to connect themselves with beauty, lest coquetry should be near, and with wit or birth, lest insolence should lurk behind them, till they have been forced by their discretion to linger life away in tasteless stupidity, and choose to count the moments by remembrance of pain, instead of the enjoyments of pleasure.

THE LEGACY.

MR. OAKES, the banker of Bury, last week paid a legacy of 100l. to a cook maid in the service of a gentleman in that town; her joy was so excessive as to embarrass; every thing went wrong; it was past dinner time; the viands were still raw; the pot would not boil; the fire would not burn; she pulled an old newspaper from her pocket, and thrust it within the bars, forgetting that she had wrapped her notes in it, and in an instant they were consumed. It is easier to conceive than to describe her feelings, on discovering her loss; the banker, however, had the numbers and on giving the necessary security to the bank, the property will of course be recovered. [Lond. paper.]

From the Connecticut Gazette.

MESSRS. PRINTERS,

OBSERVING in my travels, how often domestic happiness is disturbed by the attempt of the wife to wear the husband's clothes; or, in other words, by assuming the place of command, instead of tenderness and forbearance: I thought the following extract on FEMALE TEMPER, might be useful, at least to the next generation. Hereafter I may give you a word apropos to husbands, who, insensible to the claims of an amiable wife, take the place of tyrants.

"It is particularly necessary for girls to acquire command of temper; because much of the effect of their powers of reasoning, and of their wit, when they grow up, will depend upon the gentleness and good humour with which they conduct themselves. A woman who should attempt to thunder with her tongue, would not find her eloquence increase her domestic happiness. We do not wish that women should implicitly yield their better judgment to their fathers or husbands; but let them support the cause of reason with all the graces of female gentleness. A man, in a furious passion, is terrible to his enemies; but a woman in a passion is disgusting to her friends. She loses all the respect due to her sex, and she has not masculine strength and courage to enforce any other kind of respect. These circumstances should be considered by those who advise that no difference should be made in the education of the two sexes.

"The happiness and influence of women, both as wives and mothers, and, indeed, in every relation, so much depends on their temper, that it ought to be most carefully cultivated. We should not suffer girls to imagine that they can balance ill-humour by some good quality or accomplishment; because, in fact, there are none which can supply the want of good temper in the female sex."

YOUTH AND AGE.

How delightful are the day-dreams of youth; like the shadow of a magic lantern, that pass before the admiring eye in quick succession, each one as it comes forward more pleasing than the last. But sorrow, disappointment, poverty, throw a damp upon the fire of youth, which had given brightness to the picture; the brilliant tints grow pale; the figures are scarcely perceptible; they pass before us almost unnoticed; when age entirely extinguishes the flame, and all is darkness, unextinguishable chaos.

ON CURIOSITY.

CURIOSITY is perhaps the strongest impulse of the human mind. In extreme youth its power is irresistible.

Poetry.

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

JUSTICE.

FROM the bright heav'n of Betsey's eye,
Behold Love's sacred lightnings fly;
Upon her cheek the roses glow,
Her bosom's fair as falling snow.

Sweet S**** innocent and pretty,
Betsey good-natur'd, frank, and witty,
The sweet nymph's shape and graceful air,
Her native dignity declare.

And E**** boasts the noble art,
With sense refin'd to charm the heart;
The precept sure is just and true,
Which bids us give to each her due.

How shall I then be just, while I,
In each some heavenly charm discover;
One method's left, and that I'll try,
And henceforth be a general lover.

MORAL AND NATURAL BEAUTY.

SWEET is the voice that soothes my care,
The voice of love, the voice of song;
The lyre that celebrates the fair,
And animates the warlike throng.

Sweet is the counsel of a friend,
Whose bosom proves a pillow kind,
Whose mild persuasion brings an end
To all the sorrows of the mind.

Sweet is the breath of balmy spring,
That lingers in the primrose vale;
The woodlark sweet, when on the wing
His wild notes swell the rising gale.

Sweet is the breeze that curls the lakes,
And early wafts the fragrant dew,
Through hovering clouds of vapour breaks,
And clears the bright ethereal blue.

Sweet is the bean, the blooming pea,
More fragrant than Arabia's gale
That sleeps upon the tranquil sea,
Or gently swells th' extended sail.

Sweet is the walk where daisies spring,
And cowslips scent the verdant mead;
The woodlands sweet where linnets sing,
From every bold intruder freed.

But far more sweet are virtuous deeds;
The hand that kindly brings relief,
The heart that with the widow bleeds,
And shares the drooping orphan's grief.

EPIGRAM.—TO CHLOE.

Pains, so unknown before, my bosom move;
I can't help thinking, Chloe, I'm in love.
Nay, frown not thus! I am in love, 'tis true,
But, on my life, dear Chloe, not with you.

HANDEL'S MESSIAH.

From the Village Curate—2 Poem.

THE Poet silent, long with rapture heard,
The Shakespear of another art succeeds.
Sweet music wakes, and with transporting air
HANDEL begins. What mortal is not rapt
To hear his tender wildly-warbling song
Where'er he strays; but chiefly when he sings
Messiah come, and with amazing shout
Proclaims him King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,
For ever, and for ever, Hallelujah.
Great soul, O say from what immortal fount
Thou hast deriv'd such never failing power
To win the soul, and bear it on the wings
Of purest extacy, beyond the reach
Of ev'ry human care. From whence thine art
To lift us from the earth, and fix us there
Where pure devotion with unsparing hand
Pours on the altar of the living God
The hallow'd incense of the grateful heart.
O mighty HANDEL, what seraphic power
Gave inspiration to thy sacred song?
Thyself perchance was some supernal spirit,
Permitted to reside on earth awhile,
To teach us here what Music is in Heaven.
If ev'ry angel that attends the throne
Of clouded Deity, such song inspire,
Let but our mortal ears one chorus hear,
And all the world were gather'd into heaven.
The very devils surely were drawn up
To listen at the golden doors of light,
And hell left wasteful, wide, and desolate.

Scraps of Humour.

A SWEAT FOR A SWEAT.

A PHYSICIAN had a skeleton so fixed, that on entering the room a spring was touched, when, in an instant, it grasped the person entering. An Irishman (a stranger) called on the doctor for some medical aid, and was shown into the room where the skeleton was—it seized him in a moment—He up with his fist to defend himself; but to his great astonishment, he saw the ghastly figure disengaging itself, when he flew from the house like lightning. A few days after meeting the doctor (who might himself be called a walking skeleton) coming out of his own house, he exclaimed,—"Ah my honey—are you there! Do you think I don't know you with your clothes on?" He seizes the doctor by the throttle, and bellowing a few hearty whacks—"take that," said he, "for the sweat you gave me t'other day!"

MISS WITH A WRY FACE.

A CITIZEN being once in a large company, where conversation turned on the different kinds of grain, said he had been so much confined to his counter in Cheapside, that he never had seen an ear of Rye in his life. "Indeed, Sir," said a young lady present, "your ignorance is uncommon; but my name is RYE, and you may now, if you please behold an EAR OF RYE." The citizen immediately arose, and laying hold of one of her ears, gave it a smart pinch, and looking at her at the same time, added, "and now, Miss, you have a WRY FACE too."

A KNOTTY PUN.

A FACETIOUS gentleman once observing a young lady very earnestly at work, knotting a fringe for a petticoat, asked her what she was doing: "Knotting, Sir," she replied; "pray, can you knot?" "I CAN-NOT, Madam," answered he.

Editors' Notices.

'O,' is thanked for his poetic effusion, and unless we hear from him again, we shall not think him a very great enthusiast. A 'superb elegiac Epitaph,' with personal observations, inadmissible.

Subscriptions for this paper with the proposed enlargement mentioned in the Magazine, No. 29, are received at the Post-Office, at the different Bookstores in town, and at this Office.

Married,

In Haverhill, Mr. BENJAMIN COLE, to Miss HANNAH RUNNELS.

In Portland, Mr. WINBORN A. WIGGIN, to Miss ANN HOEBS.—Mr. DAVID LONGLEY, to Miss MARTHA BRAZIER.

Died,

In Portsmouth, very suddenly, Madam MARGARET HAVEN, aged 59; consort of the late Dr. Samuel H.—Mrs. ELIZABETH FALL, ag. 77.

At Fort Constitution, N. H. EMILY, youngest daughter of Capt. Lemuel Gates of the U. S. army, ag. 2 years 5 months.—Mr. JACOB FROST, a soldier of the U. S. army,

In Andover, Mrs. PHEEBE HOLT, aged 75; consort of Joshua H. Esq.

In Haverhill, Mr. ISRAEL MORRILL, aged 72. At the Work-house in this town, Mr. JOSIAH SARGEANT.

Life of Washington—Vol. IV.

Just received,
and now ready for delivery to Subscribers,
at the Book Store and Lottery-Office of THOMAS & WHIPPLE,
Market-square,

The Fourth Volume of the Life of General Washington.

On receipt of this volume the Subscribers are to pay three dollars, which is the last instalment of their respective subscriptions.—The fifth volume and Atlas will be furnished, free of further expense, when completed. Feb. 22, 1806.

LETTER-PRESS PRINTING,

IN ITS VARIOUS BRANCHES,

EXECUTED WITH DISPATCH,

By W. & J. GILMAN,

AT THEIR PRINTING-OFFICE,

No. 4, Middle-street, Newburyport.

TERMS OF THE
MERRIMACK MAGAZINE
AND
LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

Two Dollars per annum, exclusive of postage—payable semi-annually in advance.

A Title Page and Index will accompany the last number of each volume.

Complete sets of numbers, from the commencement, still on hand, for future subscribers, who may wish to possess the volume.

Communications, original or selected, received with thanks.

PUBLIC PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED.

CASH, and the highest price, given for RAGS, at the Post-Office.